

The Young Arsonist

Desa

Ex girls floating in jars of formaldehyde
Their once magic eyes no longer seem alive
It's time I set all my half-written songs on fire
and feed my dreadful poems to the flames
Why am I keeping all these memories on ice?
Do I really believe their pulses might return?
It's time to torch the piles of extinct fantasies

To detonate and wheel and run while they burn
A knife to drive into the hearts of prior I's
It's for the better
Bid them so long
The moments they lived,
right or wrong, are gone forever

I'll be something new without them
Staring sculptures of my former favorite friends
Their once laughing voices faint and distant now
I'm weary with the weight of my previous life

I want to push it from a plane and watch it crash down
Laid out side by side those phases with their eyes closed
Laid out in a line my dying boys all wave goodbye

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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